



THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 38.

Price, Five Cents.



"TOO LATE! TOO LATE! BUT A FEARFUL REVENGE SHALL FOLLOW THIS DEED!" SAID BUFFALO BILL IN SUPPRESSED TONES.



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Buffalo Bill and the Danite Kidnappers;

OR,

THE GREEN RIVER MASSACRE.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER I.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS.

A bivouac on the prairie, and on the Overland trail to the far West, is the scene.

A range of hills a few miles beyond, which a wagon train had hoped to reach by night, but, failing to do so, had camped on the bank of a small stream, with its fringe of willows and cottonwoods, that wound its way across the level plain.

Nick, the guide, had argued that it "war a pretty place fer a meetin'-house, but no kinder place fer a camp as hed ter be guarded from inemies, both pale-face and red."

But his arguments were overruled, and the train went into camp, the horses were lariatied out on the

plain, the guards placed, and, long before midnight, the sounds of music and laughter died away, and nothing broke the deep silence that darkness had cast upon the scene.

The guards leaned, half-asleep, upon their rifles, the horses and mules had tired of feeding and had dropped down to rest, or stood drowsily with heads bent.

But one in the camp—Hortense Harmon, the young daughter of Captain Harmon, the leader of the pioneers—tossed uneasily, for somehow a pre-sentiment of evil was upon her.

Rising, because she was unable to sleep, she dressed herself and stepped out of the tent, and stood gazing upon the calm scene.

Soothed by its quietude, she laughed at her fears, and was about to return to her tent when a form startled her by gliding up to her side.

"Why, Dolores! how you startled me."

"Forgive me, Hortense, but I could not sleep," replied her governess, Dolores Moultrie; "I have a weight on my heart, and seeing you come out, I dressed myself and followed you."

"I, too, have that feeling, Dolores—a feeling of coming evil; but see, are not those men coming yonder through the long grass?"

She pointed quickly out upon the plain, and Hortense saw the dark forms, too, and said:

"There is a guard stationed just there, I think, and they must be some of our people, and——"

She never finished her sentence, for there came a flash off on the plain, a cry of pain, and up from the grass-covered prairie sprang a hundred forms, and wild warwhoops echoed back from the hillside as they dashed upon the surprised camp.

Clasped in each other's arms, the maidens shrank back for shelter behind a huge tree, while around them raged the fierce battle, for the trainmen knew they fought for their lives.

And thus crouching, more dead than alive, they saw Guide Nick fall, fighting bravely against a score of painted savages; then came a cry that Hortense knew too well came from her father's lips—a cry of pleading, not for himself, but for his child, and a pistol shot was the answer.

And thus it went on, the fight surging away from them toward the wagons, and they gave up all hope.

But suddenly up to them dashed a slender form, and he held in his arms a bundle, while he said, quickly:

"Come, throw these Indian toggeries around you and come with me.

"Hasten, or all will be lost."

They were paralyzed with fear and did not move, and instantly he threw a blanket over the shoulders of each and a headdress of feathers on them, and said, earnestly:

"Come, for God's sake, for these are John Leigh's Danites.

"Come!"

His words sent a chill of horror through them, but roused them to action, and, springing to their feet, they quickly followed him toward the shelter of the hills.

"My father! oh, my father!" cried Hortense, pausing in an agony of grief.

"Died like the brave man he was; but come, for they'll not kill you."

There was a significance in his tones they could not fail to understand, and they darted along by his side with a speed they did not believe themselves capable of, and each moment the rattle of firearms and cries of combatants grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

At last their strange leader paused for a moment to listen.

All was silent behind them, and he said, sadly, and yet with triumph in his tones:

"Those snakes in the grass have finished their red work, but you two, who were their intended victims, have escaped them.

"But come, for you are not safe yet."

And once more they continued their rapid flight.

"Here we halt," and the unknown guide of the two maidens, and whom they had trusted themselves to without the slightest doubt of him or fear that he might be one of their foes, stopped in a small cañon.

It was dark there, for the foliage of overhanging trees kept even the starlight from penetrating the spot; but their guide bade them remain quiet for an instant, and disappeared from their side as silently

and mysteriously as he had approached them in the camp.

Several minutes, which seemed more like hours to them, passed away, and he did not return.

What could it mean?

Who was he?

Certainly not one of the trainmen, for both maidens knew all of them well.

Had he led them there to the better get them in his power?

In their grief at the fearful massacre, which still was before their eyes in all its horrors, they were almost crazed, and knew not what to do.

But Dolores at last said, calmly:

"Cheer up, Hortense, for, if it comes to the worst, I have this."

"It is a pistol," whispered Hortense.

"Yes; one which once saved the life of a friend, and he gave it to me, and it may serve us both."

"But how, Miss Dolores?"

"If I see that there is no hope, Hortense, I will kill you, and then send a bullet through my own heart."

The young girl shuddered, but made no reply, for death then seemed to her less terrible than life.

"Come, my horse is ready."

It was the voice of their strange preserver, and he was by their side when they believed him nowhere near them.

Silently they followed him through the cañon until they came into a valley.

Here stood a fine, large horse, which gave a low neigh at the sight of his master.

"One of you must ride behind the other," said their guide.

"And you, sir?" asked Dolores.

"Oh, I am used to trotting over the mountains, and will go on foot; but Comrade will carry you both with ease."

With a strength that surprised the maidens, he raised them to seats upon the back of his patient horse, Dolores being in the saddle, and at once set off on a rapid walk down the valley, the animal following like a faithful dog.

All through the night he kept up his untiring pace, over hills, along valleys, and across plains, until daylight dawned, and the maidens saw before them a broad, swiftly-running stream.

But, without hesitation, their guide plunged in, and, holding his belt above his head, swam to the other side, followed by his horse.

Still keeping on, he held his way up into the mountains until he halted before a rocky cavern.

"Here we can rest for a while," he said, and he lifted the tired maidens to the ground.

But, in spite of their grief and fatigue, they gazed upon him with unfeigned admiration, for in years—now that they saw him in the daylight—he seemed but a youth.

He saw their earnest gaze, and, as if to put them at their ease, and pitying them in their grief and helplessness, he said, softly:

"You can rest here without fear, while I look up some breakfast, for you look tired and hungry."

"No, no, I am not hungry, I am not tired; I am broken-hearted, for my poor, dear father is dead," groaned Hortense.

"It was all that villain Leigh's work, and I wish I could have overtaken you a little sooner; but I could not, and only got there as they made the attack.

"I saw you two hide by the tree and determined to save you, and only wish I could have saved your father, miss; now, lie down on my blankets and rest."

He spread his blankets upon a bed of soft grass near, gave them a drink of water from his canteen, and, mounting his horse, rode away in search of game for breakfast.

But ill-fortune seemed to dog his steps, and it was long before he could kill a deer and retrace his steps to the little cavern in the mountains.

At last he reached there to find no trace of the maidens.

He hailed, and no response came, and, dismounting, he picked up his blankets, which lay just as he had placed them.

Throwing them across his saddle, again he called aloud.

This time there came an answer, for a bullet whizzed by his head, and half-a-dozen forms darted out of the cavern upon him.

CHAPTER II.

FRIENDS.

The sun had soared to quite a height above the horizon, the morning after the attack upon the encampment, as a horseman rode along at a rapid pace, following the trail left by the wagon train.

One glance at his horse was sufficient to show that he had been urged hard, and upon the rider's face was a look of anxiety, and he constantly kept his gaze fixed upon the trail far ahead of him.

It was Buffalo Bill, the scout, who was thus following the track left by the train, and, having delivered his dispatches at the fort, for which he was destined when he first came upon the party under Captain Harmon, he had determined to head them off ere they could cross the Green River, and warn them of the danger they would meet by following the direct course to their destination.

He had crossed their trail as he had expected he would, and pressed on at a hard pace, even for the splendid horse he rode, and knew that ere long he must come in sight of the white tilts of the wagons.

But instead he saw a smoke rising from the timber

in his front, and cautiously he approached, to suddenly rein his horse back, while a cry of horror broke from his lips.

"Too late! too late!"

The cry seemed rung from him by mortal grief, and, springing to the ground, he stood with uncovered head upon the spot, gazing spellbound upon the fearful, sickening scene.

And the sight that met his eye was fearful, indeed, for the dead of the train lay about him, mutilated almost beyond recognition.

Here was Guide Nick, his knife still grasped in his hand, and around him were others in the train.

There lay the body of Captain Harmon, and near him were several women of the train—the wives of immigrants—who had seemed to fly to him for a protection he could not give them.

Beyond, trainmen, immigrants and hunters lay thick, and all dead, with here and there a woman, and now and then a child that had fallen before the merciless bullets and knives of their foes.

All had been rifled of their money and valuables, and many of their clothing, while the smoldering fires showed where the wagons had been burned, after being despoiled of all the murderous band could carry with them.

"Strange that not one dead man of the attacking party can be seen," muttered Buffalo Bill.

"This looks like Indian work, as does also the scalpless heads; and yet I don't believe it.

"I will see,

"Yes, there is a tomahawk, and here a bow, and this moccasin has come off a wounded foot.

"All Indian signs, especially carrying off their dead; but paint and feathers don't make redskins."

So saying, Buffalo Bill looked around until he found the trail leading away from the fatal encamp-

ment, and a low call brought his horse to his side, while he muttered:

"Ironheart, there are two that I do not find here, old fellow."

The horse gave a low neigh, as though understanding what was said, and Buffalo Bill continued:

"Those two, not being here, are alive, and it will be better to look after the living than tarry here to bury the dead, so we will jog along, Ironheart."

The scout then threw himself into his saddle, and the rest having refreshed his horse he set off at a quick pace along the trail left by the murdering band.

"They came across the prairie, and retreated this way after their hellish work.

"Too late! but a fearful revenge shall follow this red deed," and Buffalo Bill's face was white and stern.

Suddenly he drew rein, for his experienced eye had detected some sign.

"Ah! here is where they branched off to bury their dead, and they have covered up their tracks well; but I shall soon see what secret the grave will tell."

With an instinct that was remarkable, he followed the faint trail, and soon halted by a spot where his scout's eye told him the ground had been disturbed.

Leaves blown from the forest lay about in piles as though left there by the winds; but beneath those were soft earth, and Buffalo Bill's knife soon manufactured for him a wooden shovel, which quickly threw out the dirt.

It was not a long task, as he worked unceasingly, and a body was soon revealed.

"In full war paint and feathers, but a paleface," he muttered, as he rubbed the dusky cheek of the dead.

"And another, and another; well, the train made a good fight of it and rid the earth of a few of these devils.

"But, alas! they went under at last.

"Yes, they are white men, not one redskin here, and, as I thought and feared, they are Danites.

"Now, to the rescue of those two whom they have spared."

With a muttered curse, he again sprang upon his horse, and once more followed the trail.

But soon it branched off, the main force going to the right and a smaller force going to the left.

An instant did Buffalo Bill hesitate, and then he made up his mind which course he would pursue, and he followed the smaller trail.

It led him down the valley and then up into the hills again, and he was about to give his horse a rest before attempting the climb, when he heard ringing shots not far away, and with the speed of the wind he rode in the direction from whence came the sounds.

But ere he had gone a hundred yards he suddenly reined up, for before him he saw a horseman coming rapidly toward him.

It was the youth who had saved Dolores and Hor-tense from the Danites, and the two came to a dead halt, and each with a revolver leveled at the other.

"Well, who in the name of the Rockies are you?" asked the scout, gazing upon the handsome youth, as he coolly sat on his horse, his revolver thrown forward and a quiet smile upon his lips.

"Up in the mining country the boys call me Satan's Pet.

"May I ask your handle, pard?"

The reply was so cool, the manner of the youth, whom Buffalo Bill felt certain had just escaped from some dread danger, was so indifferent that the scout laughed lightly and replied:

"On the prairies I am known as Buffalo Bill."

"Buffalo Bill! Put it there, pard, for I have heard of you north, south, east and west," and the youth lowered his revolver and rode forward, with extended hand, while he added:

"And rumor don't lie in saying you are the handsomest man that ever put on a buckskin suit."

Bill flushed at the unexpected compliment, and said, pleasantly, as he grasped the extended hand:

"And I have heard of you, too, little pard, and now I look you square in the face, I guess neither your friends nor your foes have lied about you."

"Friends I have none, and, as for foes, all men seem foes to me," said the youth, while a look of deepest sadness came into his eyes.

"Don't say that after this, pard, for I am your friend; but what's the trouble up the cañon?"

"Trouble enough. John Leigh's Danites butchered a train, and, though I saved two of its members, and left them up at that cavern in the hills while I looked up game, I came back to find them in the hands of those devils, and they nearly got me, too, and I know they want me."

"Doubtless, from what I have heard of your trailing the Danites."

"I have had cause," was the sad reply.

"Who were the two you saved?"

"Two young ladies."

"Ah; the captain's daughter and her governess?"

"Yes."

"Well, the party that have them is not large, so let us return and see what we can do to rescue them; but I should have thought you would not have left them."

"I could not help it, for I had only Comrade here to carry them both, and traveling all night, felt certain I had gained some seven hours' start, and could rest for five; but they followed me rapidly, and how, at night, I cannot understand, for I covered my trail as well as I could."

"I can tell you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, they had bloodhounds, for I saw their tracks."

"By Heaven! that is it, then; as soon as they missed the maidens they struck out after them."

"What are those ladies to you, may I ask?"

"Nothing."

"Then why did you serve them?"

"To serve myself, for I learned that Leigh was organizing his band, and felt he would attack the train, and he was the one I wanted, and if I could join the immigrants, I knew that was my best chance to meet him; but I was too late, and, seeing the maidens, saved them."

"Had you joined the train before, you might have been massacred."

"True, but not until I had killed John Leigh, the Danite leader," and the youth spoke with a savage earnestness that told the scout how deep was his hatred for the man.

"Come, let us go back up the cañon and see what can be done, and we'll doubtless surprise those fellows, for they'll think I'm scared for good," and the youth laughed lightly.

"I am your ally, little pard, so lead on," was the pleasant remark of Buffalo Bill, and, side by side, they went back up the cañon toward the cavern.

CHAPTER III.

IN THEIR OWN TRAP.

When the two allies arrived in sight of the entrance to the cavern they saw that the escape of Satan's Pet, as he said he was called in the mines, had created an excitement that had not subsided.

White men painted as savages were bending over fallen companions, shot down by the daring youth, and three were preparing to mount horses led out of the cavern, as though to go in pursuit of the enemy who had dealt them such a severe blow.

"I'll tell you what you do, sir; open on them with

your rifle and run them back into the cave, and they'll think I have returned, for they did not notice that I carry only revolvers, I am certain," said Pet, addressing Buffalo Bill.

"A good idea, and we can keep them besieged there until night, and then, as they come out, follow and make a dash to rescue the young ladies."

"We need not wait until night, for yonder cave is one of my haunts in these mountains, and there is another entrance which they do not suspect, and I will go there and see if I cannot steal the girls out."

"I hate to have you go alone."

"I am generally alone; I told you I have no friends, and, besides, you must stay here and keep them in the cave."

"Now let them know they are not forgotten."

Buffalo Bill raised his Colt's repeating rifle, and, with the flash, a man fell dead in front of the cavern entrance.

Back, pellmell into the cave went horses and riders, and only the slain were left without.

A boyish laugh broke from the lips of the youth at the sudden stampede of his foes, and he cried, gayly:

"That's the music! Just sing them the same song each time they appear, and I'll be back in an hour or so."

He left his horse lariatied out with that of the scout, and hastily disappeared in a cañon that led further into the hills, while Buffalo Bill, protected by the boulder, kept his eye fixed upon the cavern.

Once he caught sight of a form moving far back in the shadow of the cave, and instantly his eye ran along the sights and his finger touched the trigger.

A smothered cry followed the shot, and the scout knew that his aim had been true.

At last he came to the conclusion that the occupants of the cavern were preparing some surprise for him.

He could hear their horses moving about on the rocky flooring, and their voices were echoing back to him in earnest conversation.

Presently, out of the cavern, riding in a group, dashed six horsemen at full speed.

Then Buffalo Bill knew that their plan was to charge upon him, each man trusting to luck not to be the one who got the rifle shot, and feeling confident that their weapons at close quarters could quickly put the youth to flight, for it was evident that they believed that their foe guarding the cave was none other.

But they had not taken into consideration the deadly aim of Buffalo Bill.

Hardly had their horses given half-a-dozen bounds before they saw their mistake, for one man and two steeds had gone down under the scout's fire, and a fourth shot broke the arm of a second rider.

A narrow cañon, with steep sides, led to the shelf upon which the cave opened, and, feeling that it was safer to retrace their way to the cavern than keep on for a hundred yards under that fatal fire, they drew rein to go to the right about.

But during the temporary check the unerring rifle poured in its fire, and in wild terror they started back to their retreat.

But suddenly the three men left reined back their horses with cries of terror, for out of the cavern bounded a slender form, a revolver in each hand, and instantly he opened upon them.

With horror they beheld the very one they believed had been firing upon them from over the boulder, and, as another horse went down beneath his aim, they darted to the steep side of the cañon, and, deserting their animals, clambered up the embankment.

But Satan's Pet was determined not to let them escape so easily and sent another shot after them which brought a man tumbling back into the cañon,

just as Buffalo Bill came dashing toward the youth, who cried out, in cheery tones:

"Four from six leaves two."

"Well, what discovery did you make in the cave, Pet, for I see that you did, indeed, flank the devils?"

"Yes, but the girls are not there."

"Not there?"

"No; they did not come with this party, but kept on with the larger force, contrary to what we thought; but I don't give up their trail."

"Nor I; but you have searched the cavern well?"

"Oh, yes; they found the girls asleep, doubtless, and sent them on after the main force under Leigh, while eight remained to capture me on my return."

"Well, they didn't do it, for six of the eight are now only coyote meat; now what do you say do?"

"Report to the commandant of Fort Bridger that the Danites have two maiden captives, and that they have massacred all the train people."

"No; there are not troops enough at Fort Bridger to do us any good, and, though we know that these fellows are all whites in Indian garb and paint, we must be certain who their commander is, so we will go to Salt Lake City, if you say so."

"It would be taking great risks."

"True, but I have been there often before, and we can do more to save the girls than an army can."

"I am ready, little pard."

"Good! Then we will play Injun, too, but your handsome mustache will have to come off."

"I care not; tell me your idea."

"I know a weed that will make big Injuns of us, as far as skin goes, and we can rig up suits out of these, and I speak the Ute tongue like a native."

"And so do I."

"Then to Salt Lake we go as renegade Utes," was the determined reply of Satan's Pet.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MASKED VISITOR.

Confined in a house in Salt Lake City, Dolores and Hortense were made most comfortable, but the

hearts of the maidens were full of grief, and they dreaded the coming of every day, and the setting of every sun.

Poor Captain Harmon had expected a happy life upon the border, and, a man of some means, he had loaded his train down with all that he would need in his new home to add to the comfort of himself and daughter.

A widower, he had only Hortense to love, and to advance her education he had advertised for a competent governess to take charge of his daughter; and Dolores Moultrie had been the applicant, and from the first the captain and Hortense had been drawn toward her with the deepest affection.

And how had the end come?

Back in the hills lay the massacred people of the train, and in the heart of the Utah city were the daughter and governess, and no one to aid them.

The unknown fate of the youth who had come to their aid on that fearful night was also a grief to them, and altogether the lonely girls had only sorrow to hug to their hearts.

Upon the evening of the fourth day of their captivity, Dolores and Hortense sat in their room, talking over for the hundredth time their hopes and fears.

Suddenly the door opened and the servant woman entered.

"The chief begs to see Miss Moultrie alone," she said.

Dolores turned pale, but remained perfectly calm, and said:

"Now, Hortense, if you hear me call, come to me."

She passed into the next room, and, pausing near the door, remained standing.

Upon the other side of the table stood a tall form, a cloak thrown around his shoulders, and clad from head to foot in deep black.

He wore his hat, and his face was hidden by a black mask, and gloves of the same sable hue covered his hands.

"I have come, Miss Moultrie, to offer you a compromise out of your difficulty," he said.

"Name it, sir."

"You are here among the Danites, and——"

"Alas! I know that but too well."

"You will find the Danites not so black as they are painted——"

"They could not be worse," was the fearless retort.

"You mistake them, for there are many noble men and women among them.

"Their creed differs from yours, but they are a God-fearing people, and there is one of their number who esteems you highly.

"He is rich, stands well in rank, and would make you his wife."

"Never!"

"Do not be hasty."

"I say never."

"But you do not know to whom I refer."

"I care not; I will never so debase myself."

"It is better to be a Danite's wife than the bride of Death," was the significant reply.

"I differ with you, sir."

"What! You would rather die than become a Danite bride?"

"Yes."

"You cannot mean it."

"I do, with all my heart."

"Perhaps your sweet friend will not think as you do."

"Villain! Would you break the heart of that poor child?"

"Oh, no! There is many a girl as pretty who has been glad to become a Danite."

"She will not."

"I shall ask her."

With a bound Dolores reached the door between the two rooms, and, looking the man firmly in the face, said, fiercely:

"Dare to intrude here, and I will send a bullet through your cowardly heart."

He laughed lightly and moved forward, but suddenly halted, for she drew from her pocket her trusty pistol and leveled it at his heart, while she cried, in ringing tones:

"Come on, and you die!"

The bold attitude of Dolores Moultrie took the masked visitor all aback.

He halted with the promptness of a soldier on parade, and seemed very uneasy.

It was evident that he had not believed her armed, and a glance at the weapon showed that it was by no means a toy pistol, but one that would do deadly work.

Feeling his danger, and that it was not a pleasant position to be in, he determined to extricate himself as best he could, and said calmly:

"Very well; for the present you can have your way, and I will decide your case, instead of that of your young friend."

"As you please, sir; you know that I consider death preferable to being bound by hated ties to a Danite, and Hortense feels as I do."

"But you will not be allowed to die."

"That we shall see."

"If you will become the wife of the one to whom I refer you shall be the queen of his household, and your life shall be made a happy one."

"Never."

"Then a fate worse than death shall be yours, as I will send you to the Ute chief for squaws."

The cruel words came out harsh and sneering, and Dolores grew sick at heart, and buried her face in her hands, momentarily forgetting herself.

And it was for her a fatal act, for, with the bound of a panther, the masked visitor was by her side, and her pistol was wrenched from her grasp, while into her ears sunk the dismal words:

"I will leave you now, but the third night from this I will return and you will become my wife."

Without another word he left the house, and Dolores and Hortense were again alone with their grief, the former seeming the more cast down, as she no

longer had possession of her pistol with which to protect herself.

For some time they sat in sorrow, utterly silent, for they knew not what to say, and then the door opened and they were startled by seeing an Indian enter.

They feared that already had their trouble come upon them, and gave themselves up for lost; but the redskin intruder said in broken English:

"Want see Dora; chief sent for her."

"For me?" gasped Dolores.

"No, squaw, Dora."

"Ah! He means the servant woman, Dora," said Hortense.

"Yes; is her here?"

"Yes, I am here," and the cold-faced woman came from the adjoining room.

"Chief sent this," and the Indian held forth a slip of paper in his hand.

She stepped forward to take it, when, with a panther-like spring, he was upon her, his hand upon her throat, and in a tongue that was certainly not Indian, he cried:

"Here, miss, I do not wish to hurt her, so take this rope and tie her."

It was Dolores that he addressed, and, though startled by his sudden act, she seemed to realize the situation, and, with a skill and firmness that was remarkable, she quickly bound the woman's arms, while the supposed Indian held her in his firm grip.

"Now, a gag in her mouth to prevent music, and all will be well," was the quiet remark, and both maidens started, for they recognized the voice of the apparently Ute warrior.

"You are——"

"Sh——! Don't speak names here, miss," said the man, breaking in upon the words of Hortense.

Then he added:

"I am only an Injun; now, my ugly female guard, I guess you will rest quiet for a while."

As he spoke he raised the woman in his arms, and, carrying her into the adjoining room, rolled her unceremoniously under the bed.

As he was about to return to the front chamber, he beheld through the open door a tall form enter.

Instantly he darted back, and his hand sought his knife, for he recognized the visitor as a Danite captain, and knew that his life was in danger were he seen there.

But that instant Hortense came into the room and said earnestly:

"Oh, sir, fly, for a Danite officer is here."

"So I saw just now," was the cool reply.

"But you will go?" she entreated.

"I came here to save you, and my ally and myself had our plans well laid, but with that fellow there it will be impossible to-night."

"Then go now, and another time aid us, for, knowing that we have friends near, we will have hope to cheer us."

"I'll go, but you may rest assured that you have friends near; good-by."

She seized his outstretched hand and asked earnestly:

"Pray tell me who you are?"

"That old hag under the bed has only her mouth, and not her ears stopped up, so it wouldn't be healthy for me to speak my name here, so I'll give you the handle my pards call me by."

"And that is——"

"Buffalo Bill."

Hortense started, for that name she had often heard around the campfire at night, connected with wild stories of border life and adventure, which poor Nick and the train hunters had to tell.

But, ere she could reply the strange visitor glided from the room, and hastily she returned to the chamber in which she had left Dolores.

CHAPTER V.

NOT DESERTED.

The next day the two friends sat together in their prison, Dolores cheering Hortense into hope.

"Brave, good Dolores! I love you so much," and

the affectionate girl again twined her arms around her neck.

Dolores kissed her affectionately and said:

"Buffalo Bill knows where we are, and, if he has formed a plan of escape for us, he can aid us."

"True, and I believe he is one to carry out what he undertakes, Dolores."

"He certainly looks it; but how strange that youth, with his wonderful face, should lead the life he does."

"Strange, indeed, Dolores; there is some mystery in his life I think."

"I feel sure that there is, Hortense. But see, yonder come two Indians that look strangely like those who captured us."

She pointed out of the window, and instantly her eyes fell upon the two warriors, Hortense said quickly, and in a low tone:

"Dolores, that is Buffalo Bill! See, do you not recognize the youth now?"

"Yes, it is the same Indian who paid us a visit last night."

"It is, indeed; and his companion is Satan's Pet."

"That I cannot tell; but he is a splendid-looking man, be he whiteface or Indian."

The two individuals referred to were in full Indian costume, and certainly looked like thorough Indians.

They came along the street with an indifferent air, it seemed; but as they drew near the house the maidens saw that their eyes were fixed intently upon them.

The larger of the two held his bow in his hand, and an arrow in rest, and suddenly, with a light pull upon the head of the missile he sent it with unerring aim into the sill beneath the window, where it stuck, quivering in the wood.

Around the head of the arrow was a piece of paper closely wrapped, and in an instant it was in the hands of Hortense, while the missile was drawn out and hastily concealed.

The pretended Indians passed on, and eagerly the two maidens bent over the slip of paper, and their eyes devoured as they read:

Written in a bold hand was the following:

The Danite means you harm, and to-night will bear you away to his camp in the mountains.

Be ready to fly with us, and have no fear.

That was all.

Two hours later the two girls, still on the watch from the window, saw the taller of their two friends, still in his disguise as an Indian, coming along the road near their prison.

"It is Buffalo Bill, and the youth is not with him," said Dolores.

"And he is going to send another arrow," Hortense whispered.

Watching his chance, the disguised scout fired another arrow, which struck into the windowsill, as the other had done.

Around it was a slip of paper, upon which was written:

My young pard is in the grounds planning for to-night. Keep by the window after dark, and all will be well.

Then the supposed Indian passed on, while Satan's Pet was busy making what discoveries he could about the house and grounds.

An hour later he joined Buffalo Bill at their retreat in the town and said:

"Leigh has sent good horses to his stable, and will send the girls under escort to his mountain retreat to-night."

"We will be there before the guard, and I have arranged a signal, for I saw Miss Dolores."

"I gave the watchman a roll of money, told him I had to have the password to get by the guards so I could return to my people in the mountains, and I've got it."

"You are the Pet of Providence, rather than of Satan, boy pard, and we will win," said Buffalo Bill, and the two looked after their horses, and prepared for their desperate attempt at rescue as soon as night came on; for they had changed their disguise to that of Danites.

When the darkness fell the two pards set out on their daring work.

They reached the grounds of the Danite leader, and, while Buffalo Bill went to get the horses saddled for the girls, Satan's Pet approached the house.

"See here, young feller, you is here fer no good," cried the watchman, as he suddenly appeared before the youth, revolver in hand.

With the spring of a panther Satan's Pet was upon him, and the man went down in silence, a knife thrust in his heart.

Quickly dragging the body out of view, and toward where Buffalo Bill and his horses were, Satan's Pet went to the side of the house.

Three raps at the window was the signal for the maidens to appear, and these Satan's Pet gave.

A moment after two forms came out of the kitchen door of the house, and were met by the youth who led them to the stable.

"All ready, Bill," he whispered, and a horse was led up, and Dolores was mounted upon his back, and the reins placed in her hands, her tiny feet in the stirrups.

"Next!"

Out came another steed, and Hortense was placed in the saddle.

"Who is that?" asked Dolores, in an alarmed whisper, as a horseman came up.

"A man who goes a short distance with us," answered Satan's Pet, coolly, and he mounted his own horse and placed himself alongside of the animal that bore the dead Danite watchman, propped up in the saddle, and his cold hands having the reins wound around them.

Riding on the right of the maidens, Buffalo Bill gave the order to forward, and the strange quintette moved away from the yard into the highway.

A man walking slowly by, glanced up suspiciously into their faces, as they passed, but said nothing, as he evidently believed them to be officers called to the council of the Danite chief.

"That is Leigh's spy," said Satan's Pet, in a low tone.

No one replied, and on the quintette went through

the streets, the men perfectly calm, the maidens trembling violently, but resolute to face any danger rather than remain in that hated place.

At last the lights of the town were left behind, and sharp and clear came the order:

"Halt! Who comes?"

With an effort Dolores and Hortense suppressed the cry that arose to their lips, while Buffalo Bill answered sternly:

"Friends!"

"Dismount, friends! Advance and give the countersign, or we fire on you."

"Be calm; it is the sentinel only," whispered Buffalo Bill, as he obeyed the order, walking up to the point of the bayonets of the two men who stood in his path.

"The countersign!" said one, sternly.

"Long live the chief!"

"Correct; you can pass, friends."

With a light heart Buffalo Bill returned, mounted, and the quintette moved on their way, Dolores and Hortense drawing long breaths of relief, for they had crossed the Rubicon.

With the most perfect faith in their escorts, Dolores and Hortense rode on, their hearts lighter with every mile they cast behind them.

Fatigue, under the circumstances, they were willing to stand, and both Buffalo Bill and Satan's Pet were surprised at the unflinching fortitude they exhibited in their hard ride, for the horses were urged on rapidly.

At last the youth, who was riding by the side of his companion, silent as death, called to Buffalo Bill that the messenger would return, and that he would halt an instant with him.

The scout understood what Satan's Pet meant, for they were riding alongside of a precipice.

Quickly unfastening the props and ropes that held the body in position in the saddle, the youth placed it on the ground, and then drove the riderless horse back toward the town.

Raising the body in his arms, he then walked to

the precipice and threw it over into the dark abyss, and stood listening until it dashed with a dull thud on the rocks far beneath.

For a moment, he stood in silence, gazing down into the dark depths, and then, turning, bounded into his saddle and dashed on after his companions.

Overtaking them, he placed himself by the side of Hortense, and urging a greater speed, soon came to a narrow ravine, into which he turned.

A ride of a mile from this point and over a dangerous trail brought them to the summit of a steep hill.

Here they halted, and, dismounting, led their horses down the steep declivity to a valley below.

"All right, Bill; our horses are here," cried Satan's Pet, and a call brought his splendid animal trotting up to his side, and following him came the steed of Buffalo Bill, the two having been turned loose for days in a little valley, to which the only entrance had been securely barricaded by trees, which their masters had cut down and made into a fence.

"You've been in clover here, nags, and had the best grass and water in the mountains, and a long rest, so you'll be able to go well on the long trail," said Satan's Pet, while Buffalo Bill took the maidens from their saddles and spread blankets upon the grass for them to rest on.

A halt of several hours, a rest, and a substantial breakfast, and the party mounted once more, and started on their way just at dawn, the horses ridden by Buffalo Bill and Satan's Pet serving as pack animals.

CHAPTER VI.

ANGELS' REST.

In a lonely valley of one of the tributaries of the Grand River, a number of mining camps dotted the fair landscape, with here and there the pretentious, for that country at that time, house of a gold king.

One day there was great excitement in Angels' Rest, for a rumor ran like a torrent down the valley that Lyman Moultrie had adopted two lovely girls

from the East, one of whom was his kin, and they had come to the place to live.

The two girls were none other than Dolores Moultrie and Hortense Harmon, who, after a long trip, in which they had passed through many hardships and dangers, had safely arrived in Colorado at their destination, guided thither and protected by Satan's Pet and Buffalo Bill.

Long after midnight the party of four had ridden into the valley, and a late warfarer, going home from a saloon, dead broke and drunk, had directed them to the home of the judge, who, upon being aroused, had given them a hearty welcome.

But Buffalo Bill and Satan's Pet would not tarry; they said they would not give it away by their presence that they had brought the maidens there, but would run away for a hunt of a few days.

A few days later, however, two more newcomers rode into the valley in broad daylight, splendidly mounted and thoroughly armed.

They were dressed with almost dandy neatness, and were certainly as handsome a pair of men as ever were seen in company.

Riding up to the Paradise, the inn of the Angels' Rest, they dismounted from their horses, threw their bridle-reins to a Chinese hostler, and told him to give the game, with which the animals were loaded, to the host of the hotel, with their compliments.

Upon the register, which was a couple of quires of foolscap sewed together, and with a buckskin cover, they wrote their names, as follows:

William F. Cody—"Buffalo Bill,"
Guide and Scout, U. S. Army.

Arnold Aubrey—"Satan's Pet,"
Utah.

Hardly had they gotten out of sight on their way to their room, under the guidance of a Chinese servant, when two score of men, who had noted their arrival, sprung for the register.

Then their comments began:

"Buffaler Bill! Waal, he are ther boss scout, or I lies like a parson," said one.

"Yas, Bunk, he are lightnin', I hes heerd."

"He are uncommon young lookin'."

"He are uncommon handsome."

"Oh! But I hes heerd that he are some on ther shoot."

"But t'other chap hain't way back down ther lane, ef ther court knows itself."

"What! Satan's Pet?"

"Yas."

"Waal, he hain't; they do say he hev raised 'tickler satan with ther Danites up near Salt Lake City."

"He were one o' a gang as was lit inter by Leigh, ther Danite, I has heer'd, an' he got away; but he's been in ther killin' biz ever since."

"He's pretty as a painted picter o' Little Sam'el, as I hes see'd in Sunday schules."

"They is both screamers fer looks, an' ef ther Moultrie gals lays eyes on 'em thar'll be fun'rals and weddins' hereabouts, I'm tellin' yer."

"I guesses they'll git thar pluck tried on in Angels' Rest, fer ther boys will want ter diski'er ef they has come honest by thar names."

"They'll get it tried on ef they goes foolin' round them Moultrie gals, fer I intends ter git on tarms with one of 'em, an' ef she don't wilt, I'll try t'other," said a surly voice, and his remark seemed to close the conversation, and those in his way fell back, for Hercules Bluff was the bully and terror of the valley.

He was six feet four in his boots, weighed over two hundred, without an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him, was straight as an arrow, knotted all over with muscles, and was a dead shot and a bad hand with the knife.

No man that knew him had ever seen him backed down, and many a man he had caused to pass in his checks.

His face was refined in expression and very handsome, giving the direct lie to his cruel, heartless and quarrelsome nature, and he dressed like a dandy, wearing a blue woolen shirt, with brass buttons, a

white silk scarf for a cravat, black pants, stuck in handsome cavalry boots, and a military hat.

Across his breast was a massive gold chain, diamond studs were in his shirt front, and heavy gold buttons in his cuffs, while a solitaire of considerable value glittered on the small finger of his left hand.

In a bead-worked belt, with a huge silver buckle, were three revolvers and a large bowie knife, all silver mounted, and they looked as though they were for use instead of show.

He was a gambler and miner combined, working his claim every Sunday, and playing cards during the week days.

Walking up to the register, he glanced contemptuously at the names, and said, with a sneer:

"Buffalo Bill and Satan's Pet.

"I have heerd of 'em, an' I guesses ef they stays long heur they'll heur of me.

"I'll be sartin' ter interdoose myself, ef I catches 'em puttin' on frills up at ther jedge's, fer I hes met them leddies, an' I is dead struck on both.

"Yer hes heard me talk, pards, and yer all knows Hercules Bluff."

They did all know him, and not a word was said as he walked away.

But when he was gone a long breath was drawn, and one said:

"Pards, we is safe ontill next time."

"Yas; but yer hear me talk, Diggs, thar'll be music in ther Rest 'afore long, fer them children hain't going ter be bullied, even by Hercules Bluff."

"It'll be a case o' ther right ch'uch, but ther wrong pew ef he tackles 'em, I'm thinkin'," said another.

"Yas, he'll punch ther ticket o' ther wrong passenger ef he wakes 'em up."

"Pards, I camp right out heur ter see ther fun; no diggin' dust fer me, ontill I see ther meetin' called," and this last remark seemed to be the prevailing opinion of the loafers of Angels' Rest.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS LITTLE GAME.

As ill-fortune would have it, Mr. Hercules Bluff had been on hand to render a favor to Dolores and Hortense one morning a few days after their arrival in Angels' Rest.

The judge had been giving them, with his wife, a drive in an army ambulance he had purchased, and the two horses, wild as bucks, had become unmanageable and started to run, but were caught by Hercules Bluff, whose giant strength quickly brought them to a standstill, and saved, without doubt, the lives of the entire party, as the road wound around a precipice a short distance ahead, over which all would have been dashed.

The judge knew Hercules Bluff well, and, though shunning him, had been careful not to offend him, as he cared for no row with the fellow.

But now, in his thankfulness, he had introduced the bully to the maidens, and accepted his invitation to get in and drive the horses home, as he was completely worn out from tugging at them.

One afternoon he strolled up to the "mansion," and invited the maidens for a walk.

The judge and his wife were away on a visit, and, not daring to refuse, they accepted, and Hercules Bluff led the way into the town.

As it was Sunday afternoon, he knew that all the boys would be loafing about, and he determined to show them his prizes, as he called them.

It happened, too, to be the day after the arrival of Buffalo Bill and Satan's Pet at the Paradise Hotel, and just as the bully and the maidens came in sight the two friends left the hotel for a walk, intending to call at the judge's.

They had kept their room constantly since their arrival, lying off and resting; but had now put on their best looks and were on the way to make a call.

"Does yer see them pilgrims, leddies?" asked Hercules Bluff, upon catching sight of Buffalo Bill and Satan's Pet.

At a glance both Dolores and Hortense recog-

nized their brave protectors, and the former said, quickly:

"Yes, it is Mr. Cody and Mr. Aubrey, gentlemen whom we have before met."

"Gentl'men, is they? Waal, I guesses not, fer I says they is durned gerloots, an' I'll show yer thet I makes 'em howl, moppin' up ther road with 'em."

Buffalo Bill, when they were within some fifty paces, halted to shake hands with some miner who had met him before, while Satan's Pet walked on.

All on the principal street of Angels' Rest were now duly excited, for, with frontier instinct, they knew there was trouble brewing, and, like veteran war-horses, snuffed the battle from afar.

In fact, many of them preferred to snuff it from afar, well knowing that many an innocent person got shot in a street fight instead of the one who should have caught the bullet.

With a perfect understanding of how matters would go, if it came to "draw and fire," they left an open space for the bullets to fly, if they missed their intended mark.

All this neither Satan's Pet nor Buffalo Bill seemed to see.

The former, smoking a cigar, came quietly along toward the ladies, before whom stood Hercules Bluff, for all three had halted.

On the bully's face was a sinister smile of anticipated triumph, and it was certain that he intended to start a fracas.

As for Buffalo Bill, he still talked to the citizen of the Rest, and seemed unconscious of any excitement.

Drawing near to the maidens and the sport, Satan's Pet caught the eye of Hortense, who, anxious to prevent trouble, said quickly:

"How do you do, Mr. Aubrey? I am so glad to see you."

"And I also, Mr. Aubrey," and the two maidens advanced with extended hands.

"And so is I, Mr. Gerloot; put it thar," and, ere either Dolores or Hortense could grasp the youth's

hand, Hercules Bluff sprung forward, seized it with a grip of iron, and gave him a jerk that dragged him off his feet.

Satan's Pet was possessed of remarkable strength for his size and age, for he could not be over nineteen, but, with a man like Hercules Bluff with a gripe on his hand, pulling him about, he was powerless to resist, unless he used a weapon, and this the presence of the maidens prevented.

"For shame, Mr. Bluff!" cried Hortense.

"We do not care to see your brute strength, sir," said Dolores.

"Oh, let him have his fun," said Satan's Pet, pleasantly, keeping his feet, in spite of the terrific jerks the bully was giving him.

"I'm so glad ter see yer, yer dandy gerloot," laughed the bully.

"When you get tired of using my little pard as a whip-cracker, shake with me, please."

The remark was made by Buffalo Bill, and as if to enforce his request, he dropped his hand upon the arm of the Hercules in a style that checked the intended jerk he was about to give the youth.

"This is my circus, Bill," said Satan's Pet, cheerily.

"Well, I'm ringmaster, Pet, and shall stir up the giraffe," and his grasp, still on the wrist of the bully, caused him to release the hand of the youth.

He knew by the feel of the scout's hand that he had a man to deal with, and attempted to drop his clutch upon a revolver in his belt; but he was dealt a blow upon his arm that benumbed it, while Buffalo Bill cried:

"No, you don't take that trick, pard, but follow suit."

As he spoke another blow, like a sledge-hammer, fell on the arm, and then with lightning rapidity the strokes rained thick and fast in the bully's face.

In vain was every effort of the bully to release his right wrist from the scout's steel grip; he could not do it, and his left arm had received several such stunning blows as to render it almost useless, while the fist of Buffalo Bill, driven into his face one moment

and upon his chest the next, bewildered him, and the blood blinded him.

In dumb astonishment the crowd gathered around, wondering if it was the huge desperado that was being so severely punished.

With folded arms, and an indifferent air, Satan's Pet looked on, only once remarking:

"That's your claim, now, Bill; work it all you've a mind to, for you've struck a good lead, and the claret pans out well."

This raised a laugh from the crowd, for they saw that Hercules Bluff was too blinded with blood to see who of them enjoyed the joke.

At last, the bully, in utter frenzy, suddenly thought of kicking his foe, for, never having had any one dare face him before, he really knew not how to handle himself, depending wholly upon his brute strength.

But when his first kick was given, out from under him, as quick as a flash, was knocked his other leg, by a sudden movement of the scout, and the giant fell his length upon the hard earth with a force that left him breathless.

A wild yell burst from two hundred throats at the defeat of Hercules Bluff, and a rousing cheer was given for Buffalo Bill, who raised his sombrero, and walked on and joined Dolores and Hortense, who extended to both the friends a most hearty welcome.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW ALLY.

Several weeks after the trouble between Buffalo Bill and Hercules Bluff a horseman was riding slowly through the mountains, not many leagues from Salt Lake City, and following no trail apparently.

Suddenly he drew rein, for, beneath a rude wicki-up, made of the boughs of trees, he saw a man lying, apparently asleep.

The face was pale and haggard, the form emaciated, and there was that appearance about him and the surroundings that showed he was ill.

Dismounting quietly, the horseman approached,

and the man opened his eyes with a start, and tried to get his hand upon a pistol that lay near.

"Hold! I will not strike a man when he's down, though I recognize you."

"And I recognize you, too; you are the Danites' foe, Satan's Pet," said the man, in a low tone.

"That's what men call me," was the reply.

"And you deserve the name; yes, you are right to follow the red trail you have, as I well know."

"Yes, you should know, for you are one of Leigh's Legion, and if you were not flat on your back I would kill you now, so hurry up and get well, so I will feel no compunctions about it."

"Pard, I said a while since you were right to follow the red trail you have, for I know how you and yours suffered, and my brother and myself tried hard to stop that devil's work, but we could not."

"Do you speak the truth?"

"I do, pard, and to prove it, John Leigh killed my brother on account of ill-feeling started at that time from what he said.

"I have been a bad man, but I meant not to be as bad as that, and I remained with him to one day avenge my brother."

"You had ample time and opportunity."

"Not to escape, sir, after it; but the other night I tried it; he was arrested by our chief, put in irons, and was to be taken to our Death Den to die.

"I aided his escape, and in the mountains was about to kill him, for he was unarmed, and I held him in my power; but a woman saved him, and gave me this wound."

"A woman?"

"Yes; she was at the roadside, and heard what I said to him."

"And shot you?"

"She did; and they both believed she had killed me, and he dragged me out of the trail."

"And John Leigh?"

"Went on to the Death Den, and the next night, as I was hiding in the bushes, I heard two men pass, talking together, and they said the Black Jury had killed him."

"No, no, no! That cannot be! No, it is not true, for John Leigh cannot die by other hand than mine.

"This has been my prayer, my belief, and my presentiment, and many a time have I spared him, knowing that in the end I would kill him.

"Yes, as soon as I have killed those twelve, of whom you are one," and Satan's Pet spoke excitedly.

"I am one, only one other lives now, for Leigh killed my brother."

"I have sent nine to their doom, and they all knew who was their slayer.

"Your brother was ten, and you are eleven, and I spare you from what you said; but there is one more, and then comes Leigh."

"That other is one of the guards at the Death Den in these mountains."

"Ah! Then he dies soon, and then comes Leigh."

"He's dead, I told you."

"I say he is not; and he will only die by my hand; no other can kill him."

"You talk as if you knew; but please help me a little, pard."

"Willingly, my poor fellow; here is my hand that my enmity toward you has ended.

"This was a bad wound."

"Yes, I had to dress it myself, for I dared not let any one see me, and I hid here, and have been here ever since."

"Alone in this wretched place, and almost dying?"

"Yes, pard; I had a little food, and it has kept me, and you see the creek's near."

"You're a brave fellow, and I will soon bring you round all right; now let me dress your wound."

Satan's Pet was a skillful hand with wounds, and he soon probed for the bullet, cut it out with almost professional skill, and dressed the wounded arm so well that the man said he already felt a hundred per cent. better.

A good shelter of boughs was then made, his own blankets spread for the wounded Danite, and a meal prepared, of which he ate with real relish.

"I'll camp with you, Mr. ——"

"Hunton is my name, sir; Edward Hunton, and I hailed from Maryland before I was fool enough to come out here and turn Danite."

"Well, Hunton, you can turn back again, and I'll camp with you and nurse you well; then we'll look up number twelve of that Doomed Dozen, and after I've killed him I'll find Leigh."

"You are awful cool about it."

"That's the way to be."

"And you don't think John Leigh is dead?"

"No more than I am."

"Well, sir, if you kill the guard, Chadwick, when he's on duty at the den, then there's a way of finding out, if you don't fear the dead."

"No, nor the living; the dead certainly are the best neighbors, Hunton, so we'll find out."

"Well, sir, I know the ropes, and I'll show you as soon as I get on my pins again, and then I'll strike East again at a rapid pace, as old Ebony yonder has had a good long rest, and plenty to eat," and he pointed to his horse, lariatied not far away.

Under the attentive nursing of Satan's Pet, Hunton, the ex-Danite, for he had sworn to give up all connection with the Danites, recuperated so rapidly that it was not many days before he expressed his willingness to move.

He felt anxious, even in that solitude where his camp was, for fear some one might stumble on it, and he be run down by his former comrades for aiding the Danite major to escape, as they knew not his motive.

So, one afternoon near sunset, Satan's Pet saddled the horses and aided Hunton to mount, and they set off for the Death Den.

It was late when they arrived in the cañon that led up to the cavern in the mountains; but they rode on, Hunton knowing the signals and passwords, should they be halted.

Up the ravine to the front of the Death Cavern they went, until halted by the sentinel on duty.

"I am from the chief; is the Death Jury in re-

union?" asked Hunton, keeping at a safe distance and disguising his voice.

"No, the jury will not meet for three nights," was the answer.

"It is not the man you seek," whispered Hunton, and he turned his horse and rode down the cañon followed by Satan's Pet.

"To-morrow night your man is on duty; that much we found out," said the ex-Danite.

"I can bide my time; there is no hurry," was the quiet response, and back to their camp they went to pass the time until the next night.

But then promptly they were on hand, and up to the guard they rode, until again halted.

"I am Captain Vane," said Satan's Pet, raising himself in his saddle, and imitating the voice of that officer of the Danites.

The Danite guard politely saluted, and answered: "Have you any orders, major?"

"Major; that looks as though he had been promoted in Leigh's place," muttered the youth, while he answered aloud:

"Yes, I have orders for your especial ear, my man."

Riding up to the sentinel, who wholly unsuspected wrong, he bent over and suddenly seized his throat, while he thrust a revolver into his face, and hissed forth:

"Move or utter a cry and I fire."

The man was startled nearly out of his wits, and made not the slightest resistance.

Slipping to the ground, Satan's Pet called to companion to fasten the horses and follow, and forced his prisoner into the passage to the gate of the Death Den cavern.

"Now, unlock this door, sir!"

Silently and with trembling hands the man obeyed.

"There is a lantern here somewhere?"

"Yes."

"Get it, but remember you die if you cry out.

"Here, Hunton, take this belt of arms."

"Sh——sir, don't call my name to him."

"It makes no difference; he will never tell," was the significant reply.

The lantern was found and lighted, and Satan's Pet said:

"Now, tell me where is Major John Leigh?"

"In his coffin, where you will be for this night's work, Major Vane," was the sullen reply.

"I am not Major Vane; look at me."

He turned the lantern upon his face, and the man started back, while he cried in horror:

"Satan's Pet!"

"You have named me; and you are my pet, for you are number twelve of the Red Dozen!"

"That man is another, for I see him now."

"Oh, I have absolved Hunton of his sins; but you, you red-handed devil, must die!"

"No, no, for you will be merciful."

"Not I; it's not in my composition against such as you."

"But first show me the coffin of Major Leigh."

The guard went to the niche and said:

"This is his shelf."

"Pull the coffin out."

"I dare not."

"Obey!"

The motion of Satan's Pet was so significant that he thought better of his refusal and obeyed.

"By Heaven! I told you so!"

The coffin was empty, and the cry broke from the lips of Satan's Pet.

In his surprise and delight, he momentarily forgot his prisoner.

But the prisoner had not forgotten himself, and made a bold stroke for freedom.

Out of the hand of Satan's Pet he knocked the lantern, and it fell to the rocky flooring, and was shattered to pieces.

All was darkness, and away bounded the sentinel.

An instant Satan's Pet listened to the retreating footsteps, and then came the flash and report of his revolver.

A heavy fall and a groan followed.

"You got him," cried the delighted Hunton.

Feeling his way forward in the darkness, his foot touched the prostrate form.

Bending over, he laid his hand on the man's heart.

It had ceased to beat.

Searching, he found the bullet wound in the back.

"It went through the heart, and I know the fate of number twelve," he said, calmly.

"Then let us leave, sir."

"I am ready."

They found their way to the gate, passed out, locking it after them, and, once out in the starlight, Satan's Pet wrote on a piece of paper with a pencil:

With the Compliments of
SATAN'S PET,
THE DANITES' FOE.

This he stuck on the bayonet of the sentinel, and then the two men rode away in the darkness, Hunton leading the way to the lonely cabin of the Danite's wife, for he knew that secret of John Leigh, having been one of the trusted few.

CHAPTER IX.

PARDS.

"Ef yer ha'r w'a'nt so white, an' yer beard so gray an' grizzly b'ar like, I'd say them eyes were in ther head o' John Leigh."

The speaker was Hercules Bluff, and he had overtaken a man hastening from an Angels' Rest grocery store, with a supply of provisions just purchased, and making for the mountains.

The one so addressed was dressed as a miner, was slightly bent in form, or assumed it, and had snow-white hair, falling on his shoulders and a grayish beard.

He was evidently startled at the address of Hercules, for he dropped the sack of provisions and bundle he carried, and turned quickly, with his revolver in his hand.

"Henry Hall!" he gasped, not making any attempt to use the pistol.

"Called Hercules Bluff in these parts, Pard John,

so don't go back to pick me up by a name I hasn't heerd fer years."

"Not since you signed it without the junior affixed to your uncle's check, for whom you were named," said John Leigh.

"Lordy, that leetle biz were Sunday-school teachin' ter what I hes did since," was the unabashed reply.

"Well that caused you to light out from our little town, Henry."

"Herkerlees—I told you; H-i-r-k-e-r—hirker—l-e-e-s—Hirkerlees."

"Well, I stick to my old name I had when we were chums."

"No need ter change it, fer it were bad enough then.

"Yer c'u'd scholar consid'ble, John, while I were a dunce on books; but yer were thet wicked yer broke yer old mother's heart; what is yer doin' now?"

"Mining."

"Thet's good, when ther dust pans out; but seems to me I hes heerd yer were up among ther Mormons."

"I was once; but what are you doing?"

"Diggin', lyin', cussin', cheatin', shootin', an' doin' bad in general."

"Well, Hen——"

"Herk——"

"All right; well, Hercules, keep dark about meeting me; call me Jack—well, I'll borrow your old name—Jack Hall, and I'll take you to my cabin in the mountains, and introduce you to my wife."

"How many?"

"One."

"Thought yer were a Danite?"

"I was."

"Hain't now?"

"Not exactly."

"Yes, yer changes yer spots, I sees."

"When it suits me."

"Waal, travel me ter yer camp an' interdooce me."

"You'll not gossip?"

"Nary, on an old pard."

"Well, come along."

"Are she slick?" he asked, as John Leigh took up his bundles and walked on.

"She is beautiful, if that's what you mean."

"Seems ter me yer married life hasn't been cheerful livin'."

"Why?"

"Yer isn't more'n seven years older nor me, an' yer hair is white as yer mother's were."

"Yes, it is prematurely gray."

"It is durned gray, that's what it are; but I thinks o' marryin', too."

"You?"

"Yas; hain't I a dandy?"

"You certainly are a splendid-looking fellow, Hercules, but your face looks as though you'd passed through a threshing machine."

"It has been; it were one o' ther Buffalo Bill pattern."

"Ah! You have met that famous scout, then?"

"I hev."

"And killed him, I hope?"

"He are a purty lively dead man, I kin tell yer, Jack."

"Oh! He got away with you, then?"

"I disremembers how it were adzactly; but I hasn't been out o' bed too long ter feel perfect healthy since."

"Why, I did not believe the man lived that could handle you."

"No more did I; but I hes reason fer changin' my private opinion, Jack, an', mayhap, ef you hed seen ther thrashin' mercheen at work, yer'd 'sperienced a change, too."

"But the matter does not rest there?"

"I hasn't rested well since."

"I mean, you intend to kill him?"

"Yas, when I kin git ther drop on him, I intends ter do it, an' also take in out o' ther wet his leetle pard they calls Satan's Pet."

"Is that fellow, Satan's Pet, here?"

"He were; he an' Bill were pards, an' they is a team, I kin tell yer."

"Where are they now?"

"Levanted."

"Where?"

"Don't know; guess they hain't lost."

"What were they doing here?"

"As near as I kin find out they comed ter see my gals."

"You are a Danite, too?"

"Not adzactly; but I are in love with two leetle gals as is lovely."

"But Bill and Satan's Pet cut you out?"

"Durn 'em, no! I'll kill both Dolores and Hortense fust," he said, savagely.

"Dolores and Hortense?" cried John Leigh, excitedly.

"Yas, them's ther handles, an' they is beauties from Beautyville, I'll sw'ar, tho' they laughed when I got licked an' I doesn't love 'em so much now; but I hain't forgot 'em, I'll tell you, confidential like, Jack."

"Where are these ladies?"

"At ther kinfolks, old Judge Moultrie."

"Ha!"

"Ef yer wants ter laff, laff out, and don't say ha and quit, same as yer had tooken cramps."

"I do, want to laugh from joy, Hercules, for I am so glad I have met you."

"But, mind you, not one word about these ladies to my wife."

"Yes, I see; she shows her claws."

"She is a devil when aroused," and the face of John Leigh became flushed with triumph, at having accidentally struck the trail of Dolores and Hortense.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT SATAN'S PET HEARD.

"Well, Cody, which is the trail?" and a party of our horsemen drew up at a spot where the trail they were following down the mountain divided.

The speaker was dressed in uniform; in fact, he was Captain Howland Moncrief, who had left his command at Fort Utah some days before in company with Buffalo Bill, Satan's Pet and the ex-Danite, Hunton, and were on their way to Angels' Rest, where accidentally the young officer had heard that Dolores Moultrie then was, and the hearing of which had made him quickly ask leave of absence for a few weeks.

"This is the trail, captain," said Buffalo Bill, bearing to the right.

"I'll take this one," said Satan's Pet, firmly.

"You'll wind back up the mountain, then, Pet," said Cody.

"Can't help it, Bill; you go that way, and I'll come along soon, for I believe in presentiments, and something tells me I'll go right in taking this trail."

"Then we'll all go that way."

"No, Captain Moncrief; you and Bill go that way, and Hunton and myself will take this trail, and join you among the Angels of the valley," and the party divided.

For some time Satan's Pet, with Hunton following close behind, rode on, and then the trail branched off into a dozen deer paths up the mountain.

"Cody was right; oh! there's a cabin, and I'll see who has camped in this lonely place," said Satan's Pet, and he threw his bridle to his companion, and, dismounting, walked the hundred paces to the little log cabin on the mountain side.

As he approached he heard voices, and suddenly his face grew pale and then flushed with excitement.

Within the cabin he knew there were two persons, and he crept nearer and listened.

The words that had arrested his attention, and so moved him with emotion, were spoken in a woman's voice.

"Oh, John, you would not do such a cruel wrong?" she said.

Then came the answer in the voice of a man:

"It is no wrong in my eyes; I have striven hard to

win promotion, and the result was that the chief was told of things I did, and I was tried by the Black Jury of the Death Den and sentenced to be shot; but Hunton saved me by a trick, saved me to kill me to avenge his brother; but why tell you what you well know?

"I know that the chief would pardon me, and as the first step I wish to send him those two girls.

"They already know too much, as the chief shall be informed, and will be summoned as witnesses of that massacre, and he would do much to have them in his power before the United States Government begins on him.

"Old Moultrie, he will find, did deceive him, and I was right, and the result will be that I get to be chief, and Moultrie finds a berth in my coffin in the Death Den, while I am pardoned.

"Now you know my plan."

"You are keeping something back, John Leigh."

"I am not."

"I say that you are."

"Well, Hercules Bluff is to turn Danite."

"I heard you pledge him one of those maidens as a wife, and a captaincy under you, if he went to Salt Lake City and got your pardon from the prophet."

"Yes, I did; but do you think I intended to keep it?"

"What! You intended to deceive him?"

"Of course; I would use him as a tool, have him capture the two girls and carry them to the city, and I have written the prophet a letter in cipher to have Hercules at once put to death, as he is a dangerous character."

"For shame, John."

"I do not want him there; he is too dangerous a man."

"Well, have you nothing more to tell?"

"Only that Hercules has gone after the girls; he had his plans laid to capture them in their ride this morning, and by noon he will be here with them."

"Well, what else?"

"That is all, Queen."

"No."

"I say it is."

"You are deceiving me."

"I am not; you are to go with me and be my queen forever."

"There is something else."

"Don't be silly, Queen."

"John Leigh, I studied out your letter in cipher to the prophet."

The man was on his feet, and Satan's Pet heard a savage oath, and then his words:

"Curse you! You saw, then, that one of the maidens was to be my wife?"

"Yes, John Leigh, and I know more."

"Well, I don't care what you know."

"I overheard you tell that huge brute that you intended to get rid of me. He asked you how. Your answer was, John Leigh, 'Put my knife in her heart!'"

"Then, by the gods, I'll keep my word, Queen Aubrey."

The man fairly shrieked the words.

But, with the spring that he made toward her, his knife in his hand, his whole face frenzied with passion, the door was thrown open and Satan's Pet bounded into the cabin, seized him with herculean strength, and hurled him to the floor, while he placed his foot upon his breast, and pointed his revolver down in his face.

"We are well met at last, John Leigh," he cried, in a hoarse voice.

Queen, who had given a cry of alarm at her danger, and tottering back, had fainted, lay like one dead upon the floor.

The knife had fallen from the grasp of the Danite, and his revolvers were on the table out of reach, so he felt his utter helplessness.

Though John Leigh knew well he was in the power of one he had no reason to expect mercy from, he determined to brazen it out to the last, and exclaimed angrily:

"How dare you call me by the name of that accursed Danite, John Leigh?"

"I know you, in spite of your hair, whitened by our crimes. And you, John Leigh, shall know that I am Arnold Aubrey, the brother of yonder poor woman; the son of the poor old couple you lured out West to kill, hoping to get a fortune thereby, which your wife, my sister, would inherit. But you found that misfortune had come upon my parents, and you were foiled. You thought that I had been killed in that massacre two years ago. But, no, I hid away from even your red fiends, and, excepting one man, whom you forced to do your black deed, you alone live."

With a corpse-like face the guilty man had listened to the words of the boy who stood over him; but, as he ceased speaking, he cried:

"Mercy!"

"I shall show no mercy," and, putting his fingers to his lips, Satan's Pet gave three sharp, shrill whistles.

Almost immediately Hunton came running into the cabin, for, alarmed at the long absence of Satan's Pet, he had approached the spot.

"Good God!"

The cry broke from the lips of the Danite when he saw who it was that entered.

"Oh, I'm alive and glad to see you well, major," cried Hunton, when, with a start, he saw who was beneath the feet of Satan's Pet.

"Yes, Hunton, I can take oath he won't live long," was the cool reply of Satan's Pet.

"Shall we hang him, sir?"

"Yes; get my lariat."

Hunton hastily obeyed.

Quickly and scientifically this command was carried out.

Together the two raised the Danite to his feet, and tottered with weakness from fright.

Then they led him out of the cabin, the end of the lariat was thrown over a limb and drawn taut.

"Come, old horse, you shall do the dirty work," said Satan's Pet, and he fastened the end of the lariat to the bow of his Mexican saddle.

"Now, John Leigh, you have lived your last minute on earth. Come, old fellow, do your part well!"

A chirp to the horse, and the animal followed his master, and the shrieks for mercy on the lips of John Leigh ended in a choking sound, as he was lifted from his feet and hoisted in midair.

"Halt!"

The obedient animal obeyed, and, folding his arms, Satan's Pet stood calmly gazing up at the struggling form of the guilty man, who so richly deserved his fate, while a short distance apart Hunton was standing, the only other visible witness of the fearful death scene.

Until the last tremor had gone through the swinging form, Satan's Pet stood there in silence, gazing upon the victim of his hate and revenge, and then he moved toward the cabin, saying quietly:

"Hunton, he is dead; cut him down."

Opening the door of the cabin, Satan's Pet started back.

Instead of finding the form of the woman, now known to be his sister, lying on the floor still in a swoon, he beheld her crouching upon her knees, her hands clasped, her face livid, and her starting eyes gazing through the open window, and fixed upon the swinging form of John Leigh, the Danite.

"Sister! Queen! I have avenged you and our parents, murdered by his hands," cried the youth.

"Arnold, my brother!"

She could say no more, but threw herself in his arms and burst into tears, for at last the fountains of her grief-haunted heart were opened, and she knew that she had a protector in her brother, and that she was not alone in the wide world.

And then for a long time these two sat hand in hand in the little cabin, while Hunton placed in the grave the body of John Leigh, the Danite.

CHAPTER XI.

WELL MET.

Wondering at the strange act of Satan's Pet in deserting them for a trail that Buffalo Bill knew led

away from the valley, and chatting about the strange youth, and his determined desire for revenge, the scout and Captain Moncrief rode on their way toward Angels' Rest.

Suddenly, as they came to a point where a fine view of the distant valley could be seen, Buffalo Bill drew rein, and hastily leveled a field-glass he always carried with him.

"Pard captain, we'll just wait here, for these rocks will hide us, and give a surprise party to some one I see coming up the hill," said the scout.

"Who is it, Bill?" asked Captain Moncrief, reining his horse back behind the boulder.

"First, it is a man who has been in mischief; he is Hercules Bluff, whom I had to thrash some time ago——"

"Yes; Pet told me about it."

"He has a pard with him whom I do not know; but I will swear that he is a villain."

"Then there are two ladies with them."

"Ladies with such villains, Bill?"

"Yes, captain; but I guess they don't care to remain in such bad company, so we'll just take them away from Bluff and his pard."

"I do not like to interfere with women——"

"Captain, I saw them through my glass, and one is Miss Moultrie and the other is Miss Harmon."

"By the God of War! Cody, I am ready to fight it out."

"That man holds them as prisoners for some vile purpose."

"That's true, captain; but we are well met, and we'll bluff Mister Hercules' little game."

"I'll take him for a waltzing partner, and you take his pard, and we'll sail out at the word, but don't hit the ladies."

"I'm a dead shot, Bill."

"I know that, captain; but you're in love now, and a man in that condition——"

"Sh——! Bill, I hear their horses' hoof-strokes."

"You'll hear more than that presently, captain."

Then the two friends sat in silence, awaiting the coming of the party, who were urging their horses hard.

As they drew nearer, Buffalo Bill glanced cautiously around the boulder and whispered:

"Hercules is in front, riding by the side of Miss Hortense, and has hold of her bridle-rein."

"And Dolores?"

"Comes behind, and the rein of her horse is held by a black-bearded pilgrim."

And on they came, the men looking ahead of them and the poor captives, with bowed heads, seemingly in perfect despair.

"Charge!"

The cry broke in trumpet tones from the lips of Buffalo Bill, and like arrows shot from bows their horses sprung away from the boulder and were alongside of the two ruffians before they could draw a weapon.

And they came to a sudden halt, and neither dared offer resistance, as a revolver muzzle was pressed hard against their heads.

So sudden had been the charge that it startled both Dolores and Hortense at first, but, recognizing their deliverers at a glance, the former spoke the name of the captain, while they both called out the name of the scout.

"We have met again, Hercules Bluff, and I warn you that my bullets are harder than my fist," said Buffalo Bill, sternly.

"Yer derved fists is too hard fer me; but I guess I is done fer."

"And me, too, pard Hercules; durn yer fer gittin' a honest man inter sich a scrape," said the other villain.

"Yes, the devil wants just such honest men as you are for kindling wood," said Buffalo Bill, and then he continued:

"Miss Hortense, be kind enough to take those weapons out of this gentleman's belt, for they are too heavy for him to carry."

With a light laugh, Hortense obeyed, while Dolores did a like favor for Captain Moncrief.

"Now, captain, we'll lasso these gentlemen, with the aid of the young ladies," said the scout.

The maidens were only too glad to be of service, and in a short while Hercules Bluff and his pard were securely bound and tied to their horses.

"Now, let us make for the valley, for I know these gentlemen are anxious to roost in a tree."

"Durnation! Yer isn't goin' ter hang us, is yer, Buffalo Bill?" cried Hercules Bluff.

"I am going to distribute you among the vigilantes of Angels' Rest, and——"

"They'll h'ist us, sartin, Bill."

"If they don't, I will."

"Oh, Lordy! Buck, yer'd better rastle up what scriptur yer knows, and sling in a doxology fer me, as all I knows is a Hallylujah."

"I'd rather put a bullet in yer fer gittin' me in this hur scrape," growled the other villain, as he came on behind Captain Moncrief and Dolores.

"Say, pard, don't sass me ef we has got ter travel the same road together," answered Hercules.

"Bluff, you've got nerve, and it's a pity such a splendid-looking man as you are should be such a devil," said Buffalo Bill.

"Ther heart weren't put in ther right place, Pard Bill, I guess. But if they hangs me it'll take a stout pe, an' no one will heur me shout."

"I believe you," frankly answered the scout, and, lashing their horses into a canter, they dashed on at a more rapid pace, and soon after drew rein before the home of Judge Moultrie, where already a large party of horsemen, armed to the teeth, had assembled to

go in pursuit of the kidnapers, for a miner had seen the maidens captured while out riding that morning.

"Gentlemen, here is the game we bring you," said Buffalo Bill, pointing to the two desperados.

"And I guesses we'll be durned well cooked game, Pard Buck, afore they is done with us," muttered Hercules Bluff, as the band of horsemen surrounded them, and, with wild cries dashed away toward the town to rouse all the vigilantes to action.

The Vigilantes of Angels' Rest made short work of Hercules Bluff and his wicked comrade.

The townspeople were so charmed with Buffalo Bill for having brought back, as the miners expressed it, "them boss angils ter Angel Rest," they wished to make him grand mogul, an honor he declined with thanks, to return to his command, where he had been promoted to chief of scouts and guides.

When next he visited the valley it was to accompany Captain Moncrief as "best man," when that handsome and noble-hearted young officer wedded Dolores Moultrie, whom he had known and loved from her early girlhood.

The judge and his wife adopted Hortense as their child, and received as her governess none other than the sad-faced woman who had been a Danite's wife.

But two years after they were compelled to resign the beautiful maiden to a young officer, who had just graduated from West Point, where Buffalo Bill and Captain Moncrief had urged the President in a strong letter that he should receive a cadetship.

The name of this handsome officer was Arnold Aubrey, once the young avenger known as Satan's Pet, and until to-day the devoted pard of Buffalo Bill.

THE END.

The next issue (No. 39) will contain Buffalo Bill's Duel; or, Among the New Mexican Miners.

PRIZE ANECDOTE DEPARTMENT.

Boys, you have only a day or so more on this Contest. All entries must be in, you know, by February 1. We are simply snowed under with letters; but we are preparing for a New Contest. Keep your eyes open for next week's "Buffalo Bill Weekly," and read the special announcement there.

An Icy Bath.

(By E. A. Upton, Salem, Mass.)

About three years ago I went out on the ice of Salem Harbor. It seemed as though it would hold plenty of weight, and I thought it was good enough for skating, as it was quite glassy. So I went in and found a few fellows. We all went home, got our skates and went out skating, as I had told them how nice it was. They thought it was fine, and after a while when we were having our best fun, all at once the ice gave way under one of the boys, and he went in.

"Quick," I said, "form in a line and join hands."

At first they did not know what to do, but they came to their senses and as I happened to be nearest the place where the boy was in made a grab for him as he was sinking beneath the ice. I was just in time to catch his hand. I sang out:

"Run for the shore or skate there."

They obeyed and by good luck we all got in safely, but by a pinch. The boy was sick after that for quite a while, but came out of it all right.

Kidnaped.

(By Otto A. Kern, Chicago, Ill.)

It was in the latter part of my school vacation, four years ago. I was out playing when a colored man called me. I went to him, and he said: "Will you run an errand for me?"

I said I would.

He led me through several streets, and I was afraid we'd get lost, but he said it was but a short distance more, and I kept on.

All at once he caught me in his arms and carried me into an empty house, then he let me down.

After locking the doors he said, "I've got you now, and I'm going to bathe you in black walnut oil to darken your skin, and burn a big blotch in your cheek and make you beg for me."

I started to shiver and cry at the same time, then I thought of escape, so I threatened to cry for help. He got angry and said, "I'll fix you!" Then he gagged me, using a piece of rubber and a handkerchief. Then he bound my wrists and locked me in a room.

When I was left alone I started to free my hands and finally succeeded. To remove the gag was the work of an instant. Just then I heard footsteps, then the rattle of a key in the lock, and the door opened. I was frightened but desperate.

The instant the door opened I ducked through my captor's legs and fell. He fell on top of my legs. I got up ahead of him and started to run, he after me. I tried the doors, and they were locked. I then ran upstairs, to find things the same.

He was almost upon me when as a last chance I took a running jump through a window, frame glass and all.

I was all cut up and bleeding, but I landed on the ground safely and started to climb fences. I climbed about eight when I found myself on the street and lost.

I asked an old gentleman to set me right in my bearing which he willingly did, and I went home.

After getting home I went to bed, but had the worst nightmare you ever heard of, calling for help continually. It was several days before I recovered.

A Close Call.

(By Wesley Grunty, Kansas.)

While I was out on our farm visiting I went with a hired man to get a load of copper corn. He took a double-barreled shotgun along to kill rabbits with it. When we came to the corn shocks he loaded the gun with buckshot. I asked him if it was liable to explode, and he laughed and said, "No!" He then laid it down by me and started to throw bundles on the wagon, while I placed them in position. While I was placing one of them in position, the horses started to go for the next shock, and the gun fell down, striking one of the hammers on a plank, and discharging one of the barrels. The buckshot rattled all around my head.

One of the shot hit my hat and one took a bunch of hair from the side of my head. The gun was about two feet from my head when it exploded, but I slipped just as it was discharged, and that was the only thing that saved me.

A Thrilling Adventure.

(By Harold Jarvis, Bangor, Me.)

One day last fall I went on a hunting trip with my cousin who was about the same age as I am, twelve years old. We started about 7:30 a. m. We hunted all day, till we thought was supper time, when we came in sight of a log cabin, which was in a clearing where the trees were cut down. We went in and cooked the game we had killed and then we went to eat supper, after which we went to bed. I built a fire on the fireplace first and put on a lot of wood and then went to sleep. How long we slept was not known, but we were awakened by a loud noise. A moment's notice told us the story. The cabin was on fire! And what awakened us was the falling of a tree whose leg was burned off. I saw what to do, so I jumped across the burning table, and was at the door. It was securely fastened.

I got a club that was on the floor and went to work breaking down the door. It was old and did not take long.

when it broke through a log fell on me and knocked me down. When I came to I was lying near the spring at which we had got water with my friend beside me. He said he had taken me out of the log cabin in safety. We went home and told our adventure, and that was my last trip to the Stumbloo Mountains.

An Adventure in the Woods.

(By Frank Shea, New York.)

My father and myself often took long walks in the woods. I always carried a Colt's revolver. One day, while we were walking, we came upon two mountain lions. As soon as I saw them I drew my revolver and fired three shots. The first shot brought down the female lion. The second shot flew wild, but the third brought down the male lion. I then gave the revolver to my father, who held it ready to shoot if the lions was only injured, but both were dead. I drew my hunting knife and took the skins from the lions.

We had started on our way home, when my father spied two bear cubs. He raised the pistol and fired. I did not notice the bears at first, and asked him what he shot at. He pointed to them. One lay dead, and the other was running away. I ran after the escaping one and gave him the knife right in the heart. I let my father skin one of the bears, but the other I wanted carried home. When we reached the river we put our bear in the boat. There happened to be a leak in the boat. We had not been rowing long when the boat began to sink, but we jumped out and swam ashore. We lost our boat and bear, but we had the trophies of our hunt. I am a constant reader of Buffalo Bill stories.

A Curious Rescue.

(By Jack Darrow, Savannah, Ga.)

Several fellows and I while hunting birds' eggs and nests on Danfuskie Island about seventeen miles from Savannah, in May, 1894, came across a bald eagle sitting on a stump. We were surprised that we could approach so near, as we were then within ten feet of it, when we suddenly discovered that the wing was broken. To our intense surprise, the bird was quite tame and allowed us to get within a foot of it without moving. We then, without much protest from the bird caught it, and at the suggestion of one of the fellows set the broken wing as best we could under the circumstances. Then taking some vaseline, which was carried for bruises, etc., and a red handkerchief we bound up the wound. Setting the bird at liberty, we proceeded on our hunt, securing several fine nests and eggs.

Two years ago I was on a fox hunt on Danfuskie Island, with several fellows. We had half-a-dozen good dogs and camped out for the night, rising at daybreak to begin our hunt.

We jumped old Reynard within an hour, and recognized him as a fox which had escaped us several times before. After an hour's lively chase he led us into a dense wood, the labyrinth, which was not very well known then. We were so interested in the hunt that none of us noticed the direction into which we were being led. The woods were becoming thicker at every bound, until finally we were compelled to dismount. We decided that the game had escaped us again, and were about to return, having lost the dogs, when we discovered that we had lost our way.

After several vain attempts to force our way out we were about to give ourselves up for lost and were standing consulting, when suddenly an eagle soared past uttering shrill cries.

The strange actions of the bird, as it was flying around and around above us, attracted our attention.

It darted lower and lower until within three feet of the ground. It then flew slowly in an easterly direction, and one of the fellows suggested that we follow. We did so, and finally, to our intense joy and surprise, emerged from the Labyrinth.

The bird then soared high into the air, at the same time dropping a piece of cloth, much time-worn and very dirty, which had evidently seen much rain and dirt. We picked it up and opening it, discovered that it was the red handkerchief with the initials J. D. in the corner, with which we had bound the bird's wounded wing three years before.

My Adventure With a Snake.

(By Bertrand Couch, Texas.)

The most thrilling moment of my life was on a vacation with my cousin Jack in the country. We had gone hunting, and had only fifty cents, and we had eaten our lunch, but being near to a negro's farm, my cousin Jack proposed that we should buy a watermelon. I consented, so giving the negro a quarter, we went to get a melon. My cousin Jack finally selected a melon.

He told me to pluck it, for he was tired. I reached down and came near pulling a large rattlesnake from its nest. I was so scared I could not move. I yelled to Jack to shoot. He shouted to me to jump aside, but I could do nothing. I could not even pull my revolver, and shoot. Jack fired and missed. The shot aroused me. I pulled my gun, and shot, but missed. Jack sprang forward and hit the snake with the stock of his gun. I fainted and the snake let out a hiss that made Jack shiver. Jack snatched my revolver from my belt and shot the snake dead. He gave me the rattles, and when I reached home father gave him a watch. Jack told me what happened after I fainted, as I have stated.

An Experience on a Lake in a Storm.

(By Carl Garihan, Pa.)

I was spending my vacation one summer at my aunt's cottage at Lake Ariel. The cottage was situated on a point of land that extended about a quarter of a mile into the lake. The time when my story begins is in September, 1895, and as it was getting rather cold at the lake most of the cottagers had gone back to their city homes, and there were only a very few left. One day my aunt had gone to the city on the morning train and expected to come back on the evening train. My cousin and I left the cottage about 5:30 to go over to the train that was due at the lake at 6:25. We left early because we wanted to go to the store before the train came in. When we reached the other side both of us forgot to pull the boat on the landing, and we started to the store. While we were in the store a storm came up. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and the rain descended in torrents. It continued in the same way for an hour or so, and by this time the train was overdue. It started to get dark, the rain stopped, but the wind still blew a gale. We left the store to put the articles we bought in the boat, but when we got to the landing the boat was gone. I then sent my cousin to the depot while I went looking for the boat. I looked all along the shore, but no boat could I see.

What a feeling of desolation and dread came to me when I thought of a three-mile walk through the dark, muddy and wet woods. I looked across the lake and I saw the white light on the pier, and I knew that it was there to cheer us in our dreary thoughts. I walked along the shore for a considerable distance, when I spied a dark object floating, about twenty feet from the shore. I did not know what it was, but I thought it was my boat, so I was determined to find out. I pulled off my hat, coat and shoes and I started to swim to the floating object. The water was very rough, and the waves beat me around like a feather. It tested my strength to its uttermost.

At last I reached the object and found it to be nothing but a big log. I was almost discouraged, but I clung to the log and looked around me, and I espied another object, and this was still fifteen feet away, but I was almost sure this was the boat, so I left the log and started for object No. 2, after about five minutes' swimming I reached it and found it was my boat, but half full of water. I managed to climb in, but when I did it started to sink. I began to bail it out with my one hand and hung onto the boat with one hand and splashed the water out with the other. At last I managed to get enough water out to hold my weight, and I pulled to where I left my clothes. I laid my clothes in the front seat and then I pulled for the landing. Just as I pulled the boat on the landing, the train pulled in, one hour and forty minutes late. I went to the station and found that my aunt did not come because the terrible storm visited the city, and she could not get to the depot. I told my cousin my experience, and we then started to go across the lake to the cottage. When I got home I was almost exhausted, but after eating a good hot supper, and having a good night's sleep I felt no worse after my experience on a lake in a storm.

My Experience With a Safe-Cracker.

(By Clyde E. Howey, Washington.)

My father was the president of the People's Savings Bank of Calborne, which is situated in the mountains of California, and which has a population of six thousand. The male proportion of the town are employed mostly in the mines, which pay the 15th of every month. A certain amount of their earnings are deposited (by the majority of the miners) in the bank.

It was after one of their pay days, after squaring up his accounts that my father found a check of forty-eight dollars that had not been properly indorsed by the owner, and desired me to take it to his home and have his signature placed upon it. I easily got his signature, and proceeded on my way back. As I came within four hundred feet from the bank, I heard some one trip across a loose plank directly behind me. Quickly turning around, I beheld an evil-looking man, with a club similar to a ball bat in his hand.

"What do you want?" was the first question I asked. He pretended not to hear, and raised his stick ready to give me a blow across the head; but before he could do so, I made a spring at his throat where I fastened a firm grip, and we both fell heavily to the ground.

As luck would have it, my grip was not broken, and I began to slowly choke him. When he felt my fingers about his throat he said in a hoarse voice, "My God! if you are going to kill me, don't do it this way."

"You will be a dead man if you don't give up," I replied, and loosened my fingers as I saw that he was weakening.

"I'm beat," he gasped, "I'm beat, I'll give up. Run me in

if you want to and I'll pay the penalty." I loosened my grip on his throat and tried to gain my feet; but he gave me a push which sent me into the gutter. "Help! help!" I yelled, but his hand smothered the cry. Reaching into my pocket, where I had placed the check, he brought out the paper just as I jerked his hand away from my mouth and uttered another cry, which was broken by his hand slapping my mouth with such violence as to start a stream of blood from my nose. Just then I heard a step behind him and a hand was laid upon his shoulder, while a voice asked, "What's the meaning of this?" I gained my feet and told my story.

I was taken to police headquarters by the policeman who had rescued me, along with the prisoner. Upon removing the false hair and whiskers, my assailant was recognized as "Black Dan," the safe-cracker, upon whose head a hundred dollars reward had been placed.

By the next day it became known for miles around that I had captured the worst safe-cracker in the region, and before night my arm was nearly paralyzed from shaking hands with my friends, who congratulated me upon my bravery and success.

My Adventure With a Bull.

(By Herbert Klas, Pa.)

One bright summer day, in the year of 1901, some friends and I were making a visit to my grandfather's house in the country. When we were about five miles away from home, we climbed over a fence, and were in the middle of the field, when we were startled by a roar. We looked back of us, and saw a bull coming after us at full speed. We did not know what to do, for the bull was right behind us. I was the youngest of the party, and could not run as fast as the others, for I was only ten years old while the others were thirteen and fourteen, and what made it worse for me, I had a red silk handkerchief around my neck. The bull ran straight for me.

It was a chase for life. As I was speeding over the field like the wind. When I reached the fence the bull was three yards behind me. I jumped over the fence head-first, breaking the top rail in two. I thought it was the last minute for me to live. The bull jumped, too, but leaped over me, when I thought struck me. I was quick to act. I crawled under the fence into the field I came from and ran as fast as I could. The bull, not noticing this, began to dig up the dirt and hunt for me.

But I was gone. When I reached home I found my friends awaiting me. I asked them how they got home in safety, they said:

"Oh, we were not as foolish as you were, for we hid behind trees until you were past with the bull after you. Then we ran home, and left you and the bull in close quarters."

An Exciting Adventure.

(By John Romine, Minn.)

My father's house was on the banks of the Missouri River. Not far from the house a railroad company was building a railroad and had a number of Italians working for them.

These men were to be paid Friday evening. My father, being foreman, went to town about ten miles away. He was expected to be back at six o'clock, when the men stopped work for the night. Six o'clock passed and at six-thirty the men were growing restless. They thought my father had tried to cheat them out of their wages.

One large man, about six feet tall, called at the house and said that they would attack the house and kill everybody that was in it if my father was not back at nine o'clock.

Eight came, and still he did not come. We began to grow anxious and my mother was scared nearly to death.

My father had taken with him his repeating rifle and had left at home a shotgun and two revolvers, for he said we might need them some time.

Another half hour passed and still no sign of my father. The men had gathered together in knots and were talking in low tones.

I took the shotgun from a peg in the wall and saw that it was loaded, but on searching for ammunition could find none. The revolvers were loaded, and I finally found a few more cartridges for them. As I put them in my pocket I heard the men coming up the path toward the house. Then we heard a rap on the door and a deep voice cried, "Open the door or we will break it in."

I told him to go away or he would get shot.

He called to his companions to come and make a quick dash. I warned them not to try it, but they did not heed my caution, and came on with a rush. The door was locked, but it soon gave way before their mad rushes. I lifted the shotgun to my shoulder and discharged both barrels among the struggling mass of men. It caused great havoc among their ranks, but they came on cursing and howling.

I dropped the shotgun and grabbed up the revolvers, one in each hand. I discharged every chamber in their very faces. This was more than they could stand, so they ran out carrying their wounded with them.

I hastily reloaded my revolvers and stationed myself at the open door. The men rallied again and charged down upon the house.

Crack!
Crack!
Crack!
Bang!
Bang!

I discharged my revolvers again for the second time. The men kept on, and I looked for more cartridges, but I had used them all.

Crack!
Crack!
Crack!
Crack!

Rang out four rifle shots, and the men scattered, for my father had come just in time.

He had been delayed at the bank, and could not get back in time to pay the men.

He gave me the two revolvers, and I have them yet.

A Thrilling Adventure.

(By H. Castle, Indiana.)

It has been nearly two years since I met with an adventure which nearly cost me my life.

I had gone to a small lake to enjoy an afternoon's skating, and had been enjoying this pleasant sport for a couple of hours, when I suddenly felt the ice give way beneath my feet. Too late, I remembered that the day before ice cutters had been at work getting their supply of ice, and without realizing my danger I had skated out onto the space, which had frozen, during the night and forenoon, to the thickness of about one half inch.

This, it seems, was not strong enough to bear my weight, and before I was aware of it, I was in the water.

After splashing, and struggling for a short time, I finally managed to crawl from the water onto the edge of the ice, and gaining my feet, I started as fast as possible for shore, intending to go to my home, which was nearly two miles away.

My wet clothing and the cold slightly impeded my progress, but I was making pretty fair speed, when my left skate disengaged itself from my foot.

This caused me to lose my balance, and I fell to the ice with a thud.

The fall rendered me unconscious. How long I lay there I do not know, but when I came to I was horror-stricken to find that my wet clothing had frozen fast to the ice. It was a lucky thing that I had not fallen on my face. As it was, my arms and head were free.

I lay for some time—it seemed hours—struggling and working to get free, but my attempts were useless.

The wind was cold and freezing. My hands looked blue, and it seemed that I was frozen stiff from head to foot.

At last I again relapsed into a state of insensibility, and when my senses returned I found myself at home in bed.

I had been unconscious for two days. I had been rescued by a neighbor who found me on the ice, and brought me home.

Attacked By Two Snakes.

(By Chester J. MacKay, Mass.)

Once when I was out in the woods with a boy friend, we thought that we would try to get some snakes so that we could get the skins.

After a while we thought we would climb a tree to carve our names on it, but as we got to the middle of the tree we saw a big snake. We were just going to climb down when we saw a rather big snake coming up toward us, so the only way we had was to jump, but it was too high for us to jump. The one that was coming toward us was just going to jump upon us when a squirrel came along. The one above us jumped upon it. He caught it and went right past us, but when it got close to the other one, the big one jumped upon it, and both fell from the tree. When they reached the ground they were both dead.

Then we climbed down, and never went to get snakes again.

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